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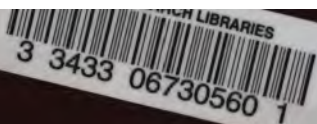
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Sarah Adams's

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A
REAL TREASURE

FOR THE

PIOUS MIND.

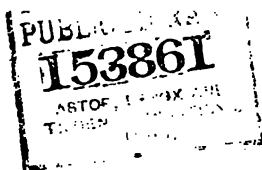
NEW YORK
1797
Compiled by a Lady of Connecticut.

From the Collections and Writings of
The Countess of Huntingdon, Mrs. Rowe,
Miss Harvey, Mr. Perin, and Mr. Smith.

HARTFORD:

PRINTED BY JOHN BABCOCK.

1797.



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A

REAL TREASURE

FOR THE

PEOPLE OF THE

FREE

CHURCH

WHAT wouldst thou? O my soul, what what imaginable excellency wouldst thou desire thyself? What definable object wouldst thou pitch upon? Is it beauty? The righteous flourish forth as the lily in the kingdom of heaven, and the wise as the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever. Is it riches? Wealth and riches are in the house of God; every one in his family shall have a rich, glorious, and incorruptible, and eternal inheritance, as the family of the saints. What else then? Is it honour? Will it be more like to thee, to be a friend and a counsellor of God, and a spouse of Christ? To wear a crown of righteousness, of life, and of glory? Yet more, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory set upon thy head. Is it pleasure? The lust shall enter in to thy master's joy, and there are rivers of pleasure.

his right hand forevermore. In a word, w
 wouldst thou have? O my flesh, a confus
 of all the glorious things both in heaven
 in earth! Why, godliness hath the promis
 this life, and of that which is to come
 heaven and the righteousness thereof, be
 thing thou dost seek; both heaven and ea
 with the excellencies thereof, is that wh
 thou shalt find.

NOTHING in this world I want,

No treasure here beneath;

Only for Thee, Lord, I pant,

For Thee alone I breathe:

Wipe away my nature's sin,

Thy image to my breast restore;

Thou alone canst make me clean,

And bid me sin no more.

Then invite me to come

To share thy people's rest;

Poor in spirit, I presume

To press unto the feast:

Saving faith to me impart,

And clothe me with thy righteousness

In the fountain dip my heart,

And sign my glad release.

Fill me with thy perfect love,

And answer each complaint;

Unbelieving thoughts remove,

And banish all my wants.

Lord, enable me by grace

My ev'ry weight to lay aside;

Patently to run my race,

Till Thou dost take thy bride.

For the Pious Mind.

Christians Choice.

I AM frail, and the world is fading ; but
my soul is immortal, and God is eternal. If
I pitch upon the creature, either, they may take
wings like an eagle that flieth towards heaven,
or my soul may take its way with the flesh
fool, and go to hell ; but if I chuse God for
my portion, then mercy and goodness shall
follow me whilst I live, and glory and eternity
shall crown me when I die. I will therefore
now leave that which I shall soon lose, that
so I may embrace that which I shall always
enjoy.

ONE there is, above all others,

Well deserves the name of friend :

His is love beyond a brother's,

Costly free and knows no end :

They who once his kindness prove

Find, it everlasting love !

Which of all our friends to love us,

Could or would have shed their blood !

But our Jesus, 'd to have us

Reconcil'd in him to God :

This was boundless love indeed !

Jesus is a friend in need.

When he liv'd on earth awhile,

Friend of sinners was his name ;

Now, above all glory rais'd,

He rejoices in the same.

Still he calls them Brethren, & calls us

And to all their wants attends.

perience may be heard, my soul hath felt both,
and I find such damps of spirit in the worldly
pleasures, and such refreshing of soul in the
depth of godly sorrow, that I shall esteem one
drop of such spiritual joy, better than an ocean
of their mirth.

AND let this feeble body fail,

And let it faint or die ;

My soul shall quit the mournful vale,

And soar to worlds on high :

Shall join the disembodied faints,

And find its long sought rest,

(That only rest for which it pants)

On the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,

I now the cross sustain ;

And gladly wander up and down,

And smile at toil and pain.

I travel my appointed years,

Till my Deliverer come,

And wipe away his servant's tears,

And take his exile home.

O What hath Jesus bought for me !

Before my ravish'd eyes

Rivers of life divine I see,

And trees of paradise :

I see a world of spirit's bright,

Who taste the pleasures there ;

They all are rob'd in radiant white,

And conqu'ring palms they bear.

Lord, what are all my sufferings here ?

If Thou but make me meet,

With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
 And worship at thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life and friends away ;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day !

Estate of a Man at Death.

AS the tree falleth, so it lieth ; and where death strikes down, there God lays out, either for mercy or misery ; so that I may compare it to the red sea ; if I go in an Israelite, my landing shall be in glory, and my rejoicing in triumph, to see all my enemies dead upon the sea shore ; but if I go in an Egyptian, if I am on this side the cloud, on this side the covenant, and yet go in hardened among the troops of Pharaoh, justice shall return in its full strength, and an inundation of judgment shall overflow my soul forever. Or else I may compare it to the sleep of the ten virgins, of whom it is said they slumbered and slept, we shall all fall into this sleep. Now if I lie down with the wise, I shall go in with the bride-groom ; but if I sleep with the foolish without oil in my lamp, without grace in my soul, I have closed the gates of mercy upon my soul forever. I see then this life is the time wherein I must go forth to meet the Lord ; this is the hour wherein I must do my work, and the day wherein I must be judged according to my works. I know not how soon I may fall into this sleep ;

therefore, Lord grant that I may live every day in thy fight, as I desire to appear the last day in thy presence.

STILL out of the deepest abyss

Of trouble I mournfully cry ;

And pine to recover my peace,

And see my redeemer and die.

I cannot, I cannot forbear

These passionate longings for home ;

O ! When shall my spirit be there ?

O ! when will the messenger come.

2. Thy nature I long to put on,

Thine image on earth to regain ;

And then in the grave to lay down,

This burden of body and pain.

O ! Jesus in pity draw near,

And lull me to sleep on thy breast,

Appear to my rescue, appear,

And gather me into thy rest.

~~ye~~ To take a poor fugitive in

The arms of thy mercy display,

And give me to rest from all sin,

And bear me triumphant away ;

Away from the world of distress,

Away to the mansions above ;

A heaven of seeing thy face—

A heaven of feeling thy love.

The Soul's communion.

THE nearer the moon draweth into conjunction with the sun, the brighter it shines towards the heavens; and the obscurer it shines

towards the earth; so the nearer the soul draws into communion with Jesus Christ, the comelier it is in the eye of the spouse, and the blacker it appears in the sight of the world. He that is a precious Christian to the Lord, is a precise puritan to the world; he that is glorious to an heavenly saint, is odious to an earthly spirit; but it is a sign thou art an Egyptian when that cloud which is a light to an Israelite, is darkness to thee. It is a sign thou movest in a terrestrial orb, when thou seest no lustre in such celestial lights; for my part if I shine to God, I care not how I shew to the world. SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed

From Sion's mount I heard the sound:

Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,

And gladden'd nature smil'd around,

The voice of peace salutes mine ear;

Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.

Peace, troubl'd soul, whose plaintive wail

Hath taught these rocks the note of wail;

Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,

And let thy tears forget to flow.

Behold, the precious balm is found,

Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound

Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,

Unburthen here the weighty load

Here find thy refuge, and thy rest,

Safe on the bosom of thy God.

Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!

That sheaths th' avenger's glitt'ring sword.

As spring the winter, day the night,

Peace sorrow's gloom shall chance away

**And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps and near Thee stay,
Whilst glory waves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim Thee for her own.**

A christian's support under afflictions.

IT was proudly said by Cæsar, crossing (unknown) the sea, being in a little bark, in a tempestuous storm, when they were ready to be swallowed up by the waves, perceiving the courage of the pilot to fail, fear not, for thou carriest Cæsar. How truly may a gracious spirit say in the midst of all desertions, afflictions, and tribulations, Fear nothing, O my soul, thou carriest Jesus Christ? What though the windows of heaven be opened for a storm, or the fountains of the deep broke up for a flood, desertions from above, afflictions from below; yet God that sits in heaven will not cast away his son, Christ that lives in me will not let me sink; the swelling waves, I know, are but to set me nearer heaven, and the deeps are but to make me awake my master. Prize thy Christ; they shall not drown thee, therefore cannot daunt me: for while I sail with Christ, I am sure to land with Christ.

1. LET me, thou sov'reign Lord of all,
Low at thy footstool humbly fall;
And, while I feel affliction's rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.
2. When or wherever thou shalt smite,
I'll own thee kind, I'll own thee right;

A Real Treasure

And underneath the heaviest load,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

3. Dost thou my earthly comforts slay,
And take beloved ones away ;
Yet will my soul revere the rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

4. Then be my trials great or small,
There's sure a needs-be for them all ?
Thus, then, thy dealings I'll applaud,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

5. Let me not murmur, nor repine,
Under these trying strokes of thine ;
But, while I walk the mournful road,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

6. Still let this truth support my mind,
Thou canst not err, nor be unkind ;
And thus may I improve the rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

7. Thy love thou'lt make in heaven appear,
In all I've borne and suffered here ;
Let me, still brought to that abode,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

8. There, when my happy soul shall rise
To joys and Jesus in the skies ;
I shall, as ransom'd by his blood,
Forever sing, thou art my God.

God's presence makes all conditions comfortable.

WHERE the king is, there is the court ;
and where the presence of God is, there is
heaven. Art thou in prison with St. Paul and
Silas, if God be with thee thou wilt sing thy

hallelujahs. Art thou at the stake with blessed martyrs; as the beams of the sun puts out the fire, so the beams of God's countenance puts out the flames, and turns their troubles into comforts; so that 'tis but winking, and thou art in heaven. Therefore that soul that enjoys the Lord, though it may want the sun or moon to shine in creature comforts, worldly delights to solace it; yet it needs them not, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof: God himself irradiates it with the brightness of his beauty, and Christ himself fills it with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. This God brings his heaven with him, and that man that enjoys God carries heaven about him; so that here is his happiness, cast him in the dungeon, in a furnace, where you please, yet he is still in heaven. Therefore, for my part, Lord, give me thyself, and then deal how thou pleasest with me.

THROUGH all the worlds below,

God we see all around;

Search hills and vallies through,

There he's found;

The growing of the corn,

The lilly and the thorn,

The pleasant and forlorn,

All declare God is there;

In meadows drest in green,

There he's seen.

See springing waters rise,

Fountains flow, rivers run,

The mist beclouds the sky,
Hides the sun ;
Then down the rain doth pour,
The ocean it doth roar,
And beat upon the shore,
All to praise, in their lays,
A God that ne'er declines
His designs.

3. The sun with all his rays,
Speak of God as he flies ;
The comet with her blaze,
God, she cries ;
The shining of the stars,
The moon, when it appears,
His dreadful name declares,
As they fly through the sky,
While shades of silent sound,
Join the round.

4. Then let my station be,
Here in life, where I see
The sacred one in three,
All agree,
In all the works he's made,
The forest and the glade ;
Nor let me be afraid,
Though I dwell in a hill,
While nature's works declare,
God is there.

5. When God to Moses shew,
Glories more than Peru,
His face alone withdrew
From his view.

Mount Sinai is the place
For God to shew his grace,
While Moses sang his praise,
See him rise through the skies,
And view old Canaan's ground,
All around.

6. Elijah's servant hears
From the hill, and declares,
A little cloud appears,
Dry your tears ;
Our Lord transfigur'd is,
With the two saints of his,
As faith the witnesses,
See him shine all divine,
While Olive's mount is blest
With the rest.

7. Not India full of gold,
With the wonders we are told,
Nor seraphs, strong and bold,
Can unfold,
The mountain Calvery,
Where Christ our Lord did die ;
Hark, hear the God-man cry,
Mountains quake, heavens shake,
While God, their author's ghost,
Left the coast.

8. And now from Calvery,
We may stand here and spy,
Beyond this lower sky,
Far on high,
Mount Sion's spicy hill,
Where saints and angels dwell,

And hear them sing and tell
Of their Lord with accord ;
And join in Moses' song,
Heart and tongue.

9. Since hills are honor'd thus,
By our Lord in his course,
Let them not be by us
Could accurst ;

Forbid it, mighty King,
But rather let us sing,
Since hills and mountains ring ;
Echo fly through the sky,
And heaven hear the sound
From the ground.

*Importunate requests for the return of God to the
soul.*

THOU great and glorious, thou invisible
and universal Being, art thou no nearer to be
approached ? or do I search thee amiss ? is
there a corner of the creation unvisited by
thee, or any place exempt from thy presence ?
I trace thy footsteps through heaven and earth,
but I cannot overtake thee.

Why do I seek thee if thou art not here ?

Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where ?

Tell me, O my God, and my All, tell me
where thou art to be found ; for there is the
place of my rest. What imaginable good can
supply thy absence ; Deprived of thee, all that
the world could offer would be like a jest to a
dying man, and provoke my aversion and dis-
dain. 'Tis a God that I seek.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I find an aching void,
Which God alone can fill.
Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that make me mourn,
That drove Thee from my breast.
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that Idol be;
Help me to bear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
And light divine mark out the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray;
Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
And chase these clouds away!
Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The tokens of thy love:
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

*A Real Treasure**Death vanquished.*

The Israelites must first pass over Jordan before they land in Canaan; but no sooner did the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant, rest in the water, but the proud waves saw it and fled, and the swelling streams were driven back, and laid in heaps to make them pass over safe and well; so every child of God is like an Israelite in the wilderness of this world, travelling to the land of promise; death is that Jordan that runs between this wilderness and our Canaan; it is that swelling stream that overflows the banks of every mortal creature; it is that last river which must be passed over; but this is the happiness of a child of God, that Jesus Christ, our high priest, that bears the everlasting covenant on his shoulders, hath already dipt his feet in the brims of this water, insomuch that the streams of bitterness are diverted, the sting of death plucked out, and the water of the salt sea is dried up; the power of the curse cut off, so that death is but a sure step unto glory. Why then am I afraid to die? The channel is dry, I see the footsteps of my Saviour in the bottom, and heaven and happiness on the other side; so that the waters shall not go over my soul: they may go over my sins, they may go over my miseries, they may go over my troubles; but my soul shall go over to its rest. Lord, therefore fit and sanctify me for my removal, and then I cannot be too soon with thee.

DEATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there :
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.
Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms ;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs :
Death, like a narrow stream divides
The heav'nly land from our's.
Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drefs'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
O could I make my fears remove
Those gloomy fears that rise ;
And see the Canaan, which I love,
With unbecclouded eyes !
Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget to breathe,
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death.

The Use of Riches.

THAT good which is in riches, lieth altogether in their use ; like the woman's box of ointment, if it be not broken and poured out for the sweet refreshment of Jesus Christ in his distressed members, they lose their worth ; therefore the covetous man may truly write

upon his rusting heaps. These are good for nothing. Chrysosem tells us, that he is not rich that lays up much, but he that lays out much; for it is all one not to have as not-to use. I will therefore be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the worldling shall be the poorer, by his covetous hearding up.

1. THO' trouble assail us, and dangers affright;

'Tho' friends should all fail us, and foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
The promise ensures us the Lord will provide.

2. The birds, without barns and store-house
are fed:

From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied;
So long as it is vritten the Lord will provide.

3. We all may like ships with tempest be tost
On perilous deep, but need not be lost,

'Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4. Thy call we obey, like Abram of old;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;

Altho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide;
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5. When Satan appears to stop up our path;
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6. He tells us we are weak, our hope is in vain ;

The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,

This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7. No strength of our own goodness we claim ;

Our trust is thrown on Jesus' name :

In this our strong tower for safety we hide ;

The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,

The word of his grace shall comfort us thro' ;
Not fearing nor doubting with Christ on our side,

We hope to die shouting the Lord will provide.

The absence of God on Earth.

WHAT is hell, what is damnation, but an exclusion from thy presence ? 'Tis the want of that which gives the regions of darkness all their horror. What is heaven, what are the satisfactions of angels, but the views of thy glory ? What but thy smiles and complacence are the springs of their immortal transports !

Without the light of thy countenance, what privilege is my being ? what canst thou thyself *give me* to countervail the infinite loss ? Could the riches, the empty glories, and insipid plea

tures of the world recompense me for it? Ah! no: not all the variety of the creation could satisfy me while I am deprived of thee. Let the ambitious, the licentious, and covetous, share these trifles amongst themselves: they are no amusement for my dejected thoughts.

There was a time (but ah! that happy time is past, those blissful minutes gone) when, with a modest assurance, I could call thee "my Father, my almighty Friend, my defence, my hope, and my exceeding great reward:" But those glorious advantages are lost, those ravishing prospects withdrawn, and to my trembling soul thou doest no more appear but as a consuming fire, an inaccessible majesty, my severe judge, and my omnipotent adversary; and who shall deliver me out of thy hands? where shall I find a shelter from thy wrath? what shades can cover me from thy all-seeing eye?

One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day:

The veil of night is no disguise

Nor screen from thy all-searching eyes:

Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy way

As in the blazing noon of day.

"But will the Lord cast off for ever? Will he be favorable no more? Has God indeed forgotten to be gracious?" Will he shut out *my* prayer for ever, and must I never be

hold my Maker? Must I never meet those smiles that fill the heavenly inhabitants with unutterable joys; those smiles which enlighten the celestial region, and make everlasting day above? In vain then have these wretched eyes beheld the light; in vain am I endued with reasonable faculties and immortal principles: Alas! what will they prove but everlasting curses, if I must never see the face of God?

Is it a dream, or do I hear
The voice that so delights my ear?
Lo, he o'er hills his steps extends,
And, bounding from the cliffs, descends;
Now like a roe outstrips the wind,
And leaves the panting hart behind.

“I have waited for thee as they that wait for the morning,” and thy returns are more welcome than the springing day-light after the horrors of a melancholy night; more welcome than ease to the sick, than water to the thirsty, or rest to the weary traveller. How undone was I without thee? In vain, while thou wert absent, the world hath tried to entertain me: all it could offer was like jests to a dying man, or like recreations to the damned. On thy favour alone my tranquility depends: deprived of that, I should sigh for happiness in the midst of a paradise: “thy loving-kindness is better than life.” And if a taste of thy love be thus transporting, what ecstasies shall know when I drink my fill of the streams

bliss that flow from thy right hand for ever !

But when—

When shall this happy day of vision be ?
When shall I make a near approach to thee ?
Be lost in love, and wrapt in ecstasy. }

Oh ! when shall I behold thee all serene
Without this envious cloudy veil between ?

'Tis true, the sacred elements * impart
Thy virtual presence to my faithful heart ;
But to my sense still unreveal'd thou art. }

This, tho' a great, is an imperfect bliss,
To see a shadow for the God I wish :
My soul a more exalted pitch would fly,
And view thee in the heights of majesty.

* The Lord's Supper.

Longing for the coming of Christ.

COME, Lord Jesus come quickly : Oh ! come,
lest my expectations faint, lest I grow weary,
and murmur at thy long delay. I am tired
with these vanities, and the world grows every
day more unentertaining and insipid ; it has
now lost its charms, and finds my heart insen-
sible to all its allurements. With coldness and
contempt ! I view these transitory glories ; in-
spired with nobler prospects, and vaster ex-
pectations, by faith I see the promised land,
and every day brings me nearer the possession
of my heavenly inheritance. Then shall I see
God and live, and face to face behold my tri-
umphant Redeemer ;

And in his favor find immortal light ;
Ye hours, and days, cut short your
 tedious flight ;
Ye months and years (if such allotted be
In this detested barren world for me)
With hasty revolution roll along ;
I languish with impatience to be gone.

I have nothing here to linger for ; my hopes, my rest, my treasure ; and my joys, are all above ; my soul faints for the courts of the Lord in a dry and thirsty land, where there is no refreshment.

How long “ shall I dwell in Meshech, and sojourn in the tents of Kedar ? ” When will the wearisome journey of life be finished ? when shall I reach my everlasting home and arrive at my celestial country ? My heart, my wishes, are already there ! I have no engagements to delay my farewell, nothing to detain me here ; but wander an unacquainted pilgrim, a stranger and desolate, far from my native regions.

My friends are gone before, and are now triumphing in the skies secure of conquest possessed of the rewards of victory. They survey the field of battle, and look back with pleasure on the distant danger : death and hell, for ever vanquished, leave them in the possession of endless tranquility and joy ; while I, beset with a thousand snares, and tired with continual toil, unsteadily maintain the field, till active faith steps in, assures me of the con-

quest, and shews me the immortal crown. 'Tis faith tells me that "light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart:" it assures me that "my Redeemer lives, and that he shall stand at the last day on the earth.— And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and not another; and these eyes shall behold, though my reins be consumed within me. Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus." This must be the language of my soul till thou dost appear, and these my impatient breathings after thee. 'Till I see thy salvation, my heart and my flesh will pine for the living God.

"Grant me, O Lord, to fulfil as an hireling, my day;" shorten the space, and let it be full of action. 'Tis of small importance how few there are of these little circles of days and hours, so they are but well filled up with devotion, and with all proper duty.

COME, Thou long expected Jesus,

Born to set thy people free;

From our fears and sins release us,

Let us find our rest in Thee!

Israel's strength and consolation,

Hope of all the earth Thou art;

Dear desire of ev'ry nation,

Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver;

Born a Child, and yet a King;

Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring !
By Thine own eternal Spirit;
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne !

Affurance of salvation in Christ Jesus.

I Have put my treasures, my immortal part
into thy hands, O my dear Redeemer ; and
“ shall the prey be taken from the mighty ? ”
shall a soul consecrated to thee fall a sacrifice
to hell ?

Blessed God, am I not thine ? and shall the
temple of thy spirit be profaned, and the lips
that have so often ascribed dominion, and glo-
ry, and majesty to thee, be defiled with infer-
nal blasphemy, and the execrations of the dam-
ned ? Shall the sparks of divine love be extin-
guished, and immortal enmity succeed ? And
shall I, who was once blessed with thy favour,
become the object of thy wrath and indigna-
tion ? Shall all the mighty things thou hast
done for my soul be forgotten ? Shall all my
vows, and thy own secret engagements be can-
celled ? 'Tis all impossible ; for “ thou art not
as man, that thou shouldest lie ; nor as the son
of man, that thou shouldest repent.”

Thou art engaged by thy own tremendous
name for my security : my God, and my fath-
er's God : from generation to generation thou
hast been our dwelling-place. I was devoted

to thee in baptism by the solemn vows of my religious parents : my infant-hands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers. I have actually subscribed with my hand to the Lord, and am thine by the most voluntary and deliberate obligations. The portion of Jacob is my joyful choice, nor need I fear losing it while thy word is established as the heavens.

Fear not, sayest thou, poor trembling soul, for I am thy Redeemer, and thy mighty Saviour, the Hope of Israel, and in my name shall all the nations of the earth be blessed : " I am gracious and merciful, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." These are the titles by which I have revealed myself to men. I came the expected Messiah, the Star of Jacob, and the Glory of the Gentiles ; I came from the fulness of ineffable glory, in the form of man, to redeem the race of Adam ; I am willing and able to save, " and whosoever comes to me, I will in no wise cast away." Fear not : I had kind designs towards thee from eternity ; and by these visible signs of my body and blood I seal my love to thy soul : take here the pledge of heaven, the assurance of everlasting happiness.

GENTLE Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine, I am ;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole.
Thou my one thing needful be.

Let me chuse the better part,
Let me give Thee all my heart.
Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness!
Whom have I on earth below?
Only Thee I'd wish to know:
Whom have I, in heav'n but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.
All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite! unsearchable!
Nothing else may I require;
Let me Thee alone desire:
Pleas'd with what thy love provides;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

*On future Expectations.**BY A LADY.*

HERE is a sweet enthusiastic melancholy at sometimes steals upon the soul—even ought itself is for a while suspended, and every scene in nature seems to wear an image of the mind. How delightful are the sensations such a time! though felt, they cannot be described; it is a kind of anticipation of those pleasures we are taught to expect hereafter: the soul seems entirely abstracted from every earthly idea, wrapped up in the contemplation of future happiness. Ask yourself in one

of these moments, what there is in this worth a thought; and you will answer nothing: its greatest sublunary pleasure is but dream, and vanishes like a shadow: This should convince us more than any thing, that there is a future state: Our souls were formed to higher delights, more refined sensations than any thing in this life can excite; and something from within tells us we shall one day enjoy them—else why these ideas—why these expectations—of what use would be those noble sentiments, with which the mind is so often impressed; if we were only to act a insignificant part for a few years in this life, then sink into nothing? No, there must be a future state and that immortal!—‘Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter, and immates eternity to man.’

THE AMERICAN HERO.

A Sapphic Ode.

1. WHY should vain mortals tremble at
fight of

Death and destruction in the field of battle
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground
in crimson,

Sounding in death groans

2. Death will invade us by the means appointed
And we must all bow to the king of terrors
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,

What shape he comes in.

3. Infinite goodness teaches us submission
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;

Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

.. Well may we praise him—all his ways are
perfect ;

Through a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals

Struck blind by lustre!

. Good is Jehovah in bestowing sun-shine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder :
Mercies and judgement both proceed from
kindness—

Infinite kindness.

. O then exult, that God forever reigneth
Clouds, which around him hinder our percep-
tion,

Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises !

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master,
will commit all that I have or wish for ;

Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up
When call'd to yield it.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pil-
lars,

Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the
cannon,

Rattling in grape-shot, like a storm of hail-
Torturing æther !

. Up the bleak heavens, let the spreading
flames rise,

Breaking like Ætna through the smoky col-
umns,

Now'ring like Egypt o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

1. HE dies, the friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the sky,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground,
Come, faints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
2. Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men ;
But, lo, what sudden joys we see—
 Jesus the dead revives again,
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
 (The tomb in vain forbids him rise)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
3. Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell
 How high our great deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the host of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains ;
Say, live forever wond'rous king,
 Born to redeem and strong to save ;
Then ask the monster, where's thy sting,
 And where's thy victory boasting grave ?

J O B.

O that I were as in months past ! Chap. xxix. 2.

- i SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood
-Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His lovè was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine,
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done ;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns :
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For JESUS hides his face ;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey ;
Yet, LORD, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

The change.

- 1 SAVIOUR shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive ;

Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive :
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee,

- 2 Shall I sigh and pray in vain,
Wilt thou still refuse to hear ;
Wilt thou not return again,
Must I yield to black despair ?

Thou hast taught my heart to pray,
Canst thou turn thy face away ?

- 3 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd no more to move ;
Then thy grace was all my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love :
These were happy golden days,
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.
- 4 When my friends have said, " Beware,
Soon or late you'll find a change ;"
I could see no cause for fear,
Vain their caution seem'd and strange :
Not a cloud obscur'd my sky,
Could I think a tempest nigh ?

- 5 Little then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power :
Now I find their words were true,
Now I feel the stormy hour !
Satan has put my joys to flight,
Sin has chang'd my day to night.

- 6 Satan asks, and mocks my woe,
" Boaster, where is now your God ?"
Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
Let him know I'm bought with blood :

Tell him, since I know thy name,
Though I change, thou art the same.

THE HIDING-PLACE.

Composed by a British Officer.

1. HAIL sovereign love that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
Hail matchless free eternal grace
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
2. Against the God that rules the skies,
I fought with hands uplifted high ;
Despised the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
3. Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.
4. But lo ! the eternal council ran,
Almighty love arrest the man :
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.
5. Vindictive Justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.
6. But lo a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's Angel soon appear'd ;
She led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus as my hiding place.
7. Should storms of seven fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,

No thunder-bolts should daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.

8. On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have crush'd a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became my hiding place.
9. A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.

This do in remembrance of me.

GLORY to my dear Saviour, that seeks no greater return for all his labour of love, than a thankful remembrance of it at his table. Oh, should I grudge to give such a small return to him that suffered the pains of death and hell for me! Had he bid me sacrifice my first-born, and give all I have to the poor, or go to pilgrimage to the Holy Land to visit his sepulchre, or go to the top of Mount Calvary where the cross stood, as a token of thankfulness for his love, could I have refused it? But he puts me to no such hard task.—Lord thou bids me not go to a bloody scaffold to remember thee, but to a well covered table to do it.—Thou bids me not go there to bleed or burn for thee, but to eat and drink; not the bread of affliction, or water of adversity, but bread that strengthens the heart, and wine that cheers the drooping spirit, bread and wine which thou has sanctified and blessed for me—Surely, O dear Sa-

viour, I owe my life to thee, nay a thousand lives if I had them ; but it is not my life, I my memory and thoughts thou art calling for, it is not to die for thee, but to remember thee. Didst thou drink the cup of wrath on the cross for me, and will not I drink a cup of blessing at the table for thee, nay for myself, and my eternal salvation ?

Let me go then to this holy table, with faith, love, and thankfulness, to remember Christ and his dying love ; as he commands me. And while I remember him, let me also receive and embrace him as my bleeding High Priest, in the arms of my faith, and at the same time throw my guilty soul into his wounded arms, for saving me from wrath.—Let me go and remember the wounding and piercing of my Redeemer, with a pierced and wounded heart for these cursed sins, which nailed and killed the Prince of Life. Let me henceforth be the death of sin, which was the death of my dear Saviour. Oh, shall I suffer sin to live any longer in me, that would not suffer my Redeemer to live in the world ?

1 JESUS once for sinners slain,
From the dead was rais'd again ;
And in heav'n is now sat down,
With his father on the throne.

2. There he reigns a king supreme,
Who shall also reign with him ;
Feeble souls be not dismay'd,
Trust in his Almighty aid.

3. He hath made an end of sin,
And his blood has wash'd us clean;
Fear not, he is ever near,
Now, e'en now, he's with us here.
 4. Thus assembling, we by faith,
'Till he come, show forth his death;
Of his body, bread's the sign,
And we drink his blood in wine.
 5. Bread thus broken aptly shows,
How his body God did bruise;
When the grape's rich blood we see,
Lord, we then remember thee.
 6. Saints on earth, and saints above,
Celebrate his dying love,
And let ev'ry ransom'd soul,
Sound his praise from pole to pole.
-

the glory of God in his works of creation, providence, and redemption.

Y being immediately flows from thee, and could I not praise my omnipotent Maker? I received the last breath I drew from thee, thou dost sustain my life this very moment, and the next depends entirely on thy pleasure. 'Tis the dignity of my nature to know, and my propriety to praise and adore my great Origin.

But oh! thou Supreme of all things, how dost thou to be extolled by mortal man! "I am subject to corruption, Thou art my father, and thou art my Father, Ye are my brethren. My days are as an hand's-breadth, and my life is nothing before thee: but thou art the same, and

thy years never fail. From everlasting to everlasting thou art God?" the incomprehensible, the immutable Divinity. The language of paradise, and the strains of celestial eloquence, fall short of thy perfections; the first-born sons of light lose themselves in blissful astonishment in search of thy excellencies; even they, with silent ecstasy, adore thee, while thou art veiled with ineffable splendour.

The bright, the bless'd Divinity is known,
And comprehended by himself alone.

Who can conceive the extent of that power, which out of nothing brought materials for a rising world and from gloomy chaos bid the harmonious universe appear?

Confusion heard the voice, and wild Up roar
Stood rul'd; stood vast Infinity confin'd.

At thy word the pillars of the sky were fram'd, and its beauteous arches raised; thy breath kindled the stars, adorned the moon with silver rays, and gave the sun its flaming splendour. Thou didst prepare for the waters their capacious bed, and by thy power set bounds to the raging billows: by thee the vallies were cloathed in their flowery pride, and the mountains crowned with groves. In all the wonderful effects of nature we adore and confess thy power; thou utterest thy voice in thunder, and dost scatter lightning abroad, thou ridest on the wings of the wind, the mountains smoke, and the forests tremble at thy approach the summer and winter, the shady night and the bright

Evolution of the day are thine

These are thy glorious works, parent of good
Almighty, thine this universal frame :
Thus wond'rous they ; thyself how wond'rous
then !

But O what must thy essential majesty and
beauty be, if thou art thus illustrious in
thy works ! If the discoveries of thy power
and wisdom are thus delightful, how transporting
are the manifestations of thy goodness !
From thee every thing that lives receives its
breath, and by thee are all upheld in life. Thy
providence reaches the least insect ; for thou
art good, and thy care extends to all thy works.
Thou feedest the ravens, and dost provide the
young lions their prey : thou scatterest thy
blessings with a liberal hand on thy whole creation ;
man, ungrateful man largely partakes
thy bounty. Thou causest thy rain to descend,
and makest thy sun to shine on the evil and
unthankful : “ for thou art good, and thy mercy
endureth for ever.”

As the Creator and preserver of men, thou
art gloriously manifest ; but, oh ! how much
more gloriously art thou revealed, as reconciling
ungrateful enemies to thyself by the blood of
thy eternal Son ! Here thy beneficence displays
its brightest splendour ; here thou dost fully
discover thy most magnificent titles, The
LORD, the LORD GOD, merciful and gracious,
long-suffering and abundant in goodness : “ How
unsearchable are thy ways, and thy paths past
finding out !” Infinite depths of

love, never to be expressed by human language ! And yet, should man be silent, the stones themselves would speak, and the mute creation find a voice to upbraid his ungrateful folly.

- 1 THAT was a wonder-working word
Which could the vast creation raise !
Angels attendant on their LORD ;
Admir'd the plan, and sung his praise.
- 2 From what a dark and shapeless mass,
All nature sprang at his command !
Let there be light, and light there was,
And sun, and stars, and sea, and land.
- 3 With equal speed the earth and seas,
Their mighty Maker's voice obey'd ;
He spake and strait the plants and trees,
And birds and beasts, and man were made.
- 4 But man, the lord and crown of all,
By sin his honor soon defac'd ;
His heart (how alter'd since the fall !)
Is dark, deform'd, and void, and waste.
- 5 The new creation of the soul
Does now no less his pow'r display ;
'Than when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkness into day.
- 6 Tho' self-destroy'd, O LORD, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canst do ;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

T H E S T O R M.

BUT what means that murmur ?---Alas, a
storm is coming on ; darkness is invading the

whole face of nature ;---God is bringing the winds out of his treasures ;----they rise higher still ; the trees feel their influence ; they shake, they bow their lofty heads : how their leaves and branches are scattered ! 'tis well if their crackling trunks escape an overthrow---But I expect a more awful appearance on the ocean. ---Surprise ! more so than any scene that ever struck my alarmed eye. See how the furies rise ! what mountainous billows swell and roll ! What hideous caverns gape ? Sheets of water are separated and carried to a distance ! How do the waves lash yonder rocks ? how widely do they spread upon the more level strand !—What will become of those vessels which I saw a little while ago sailing so smoothly upon that sea of glass ? amazing if they can live amidst so vast a confusion ! How will they climb those precipices ? how will they emerge, when buried in those watry graves ? See one poor bark, as it were hangs upon the broken wave.

O how much is to be learned by a storm ? It is God that raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves of the sea ; they mount up to heaven, they go down to the depths. How awful are the exhibitions of the Almighty ? What wonders of judgment and mercy his word produces ? The stormy winds fulfil his word. O how dreadful to fall into the hands of God, with whom is such terrible majesty ! Sinners may think lightly of his wrath

and dismiss the thought with an apprehension that they shall be wise enough to escape, or hardy enough to ride out the raging blasts : But, O that they did but see with that clearness, and consider with that seriousness, which the matter calls for ! Dost thou, indolent, insolent sinner, imagine thou canst contend with God, or cope with Omnipotence ? Try thy power in some smaller matters : stop the sun in its rapid progress ; bring back the seasons and invert them ; bid the flowers spring up in winter, or drive in the severities of frost and snow upon harvest ; or do but command these winds to cease, which rage with such impetuous fury. If thou canst not preserve thy body from dropping into the grave, and render it immortal, how canst thou keep the soul from sinking into hell ? Does many a hardy mariner who before seemed neither to fear God or regard Man, tremble like a leaf when shaken with the wind, and is he even at his wits end in this tumult of the ocean ? what then will the sinner do, when God shall call forth all his wrath ? and how will the now obdurate Miscreant be able to stand when the whole storm of vengeance shall be sent against him, and beat upon him with a fury and power which eye never saw, and heart never felt ? He may now like Leviathan, laugh at the shaking of the spear, and the sword may be to him as rotten wood, when brandished in the threatenings of the Almighty ; but when these threat-

enings come to be executed, and the spear enters into his very heart, and pierces his very marrow, whither, O whither will he fly, or, how will he endure?

But, blessed be God, there is a covert from such storms, sweet character of the blessed Redeemer! if none can abide the day of God's, wrath, when the cedars of Lebanon are torn from their roots, and the rocks are thrown down before him, hide me, O hide me, with uplifted hands, a melted heart, and flowing eyes, I entreat thee hide me in the hollow of thine hand, in thy suffering and bleeding heart. Do the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field from an instinct of nature foresee the approaching shower and make haste to the retreat? let my hopes waft me on the wings of faith to thy blessed self, who callest thyself an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.

1. Tho' the morn may be serene,
Not a threat'ning cloud be seen;
Who can undertake to say
'Twill be pleasant all the day!
Tempests suddenly may rise,
Darkness overspread the skies!
Lightnings flash and thunders roar,
Ere a short-liv'd day be o'er.
2. Often thus, the child of grace,
Enters on his Christian race;
Guilt and fear have overborne,
'Tis with him a summer's morn;

A Real Treasure

- While his new-felt joys abound,
 All things seem to smile around ;
 And he hopes it will be fair,
 All the day, and all the year.
- Should we warn him of a change,
 He would think the caution strange ;
 He no change or trouble fears,
 Till the gath'ring storm appears ;
 Till dark clouds his sun conceal,
 Till temptation's pow'r he feel ;
 Then he trembles, and looks pale,
 All his hopes and courage fail.
- But the wonder-working LORD,
 Soothes the tempest by his word !
 Stills the thunder, stops the rain,
 And his sun breaks forth again :
 Soon the cloud again returns,
 Now he joys, and now he mourns ;
 Oft his sky is overcast,
 Ere the day of life be past.
- Try'd believers too can say,
 In the course of one short day,
 Tho' the morning has been fair,
 Prov'd a golden hour of pray'r ;
 Sin and Satan, long ere night,
 Have their comforts put to flight ;
 Ah ! what heart-felt peace and joy
 Unexpected storms destroy.
- Dearest Saviour, call us soon
 To thine high eternal noon ;
 Never there shall tempest rise
 To conceal thee from our eyes :

Satan shall no more deceive,
We no more thy Spirit grieve ;
But thro' cloudless, endless days,
Sound, to golden harps, thy praise.

That Rock was CHRIST.

1 WHEN Isreal's tribes were parch'd with
thirst,

Forth from the rock the waters burst ;

And all their future journey thro'
Yielded them drink and gospel too !

2 In Moses' rod a type they saw,
Of his severe and fiery law :

The smitten rock perfigur'd him,
From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.

3 But ah ! the types were all too faint,

His sorrows or his worth to paint :

Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,

But he endur'd the wrath of God.

4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,

But our's was wounded torn and slain ;

The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,

But JESUS pour'd forth streams of blood.

5 The earth is like a wilderness,

A land of drought and sore distress ;

Without one stream from pole to pole,

To satisfy a thirsty soul.

6 But let the Saviour's praise resound ;

In him refreshing streams are found,

Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,

And thirsty sinners drink and live.

MARTHA and MARY.

- 1 MARTHA her love and joy express'd,
By care to entertain her guest ;
While Mary sat to hear her LORD,
And could not bear to lose a word.
- 2 The principle in both the same,
Produc'd in each a diff'rent aim ;
The one to feast the LORD was led,
The other waited to be fed.
- 3 But Mary chose the better part,
Her Saviour's words refresh'd her heart ;
While busy Martha angry grew,
And lost her time and temper too.
- 4 With warmth ~~she~~ to her sister spoke,
But brought upon herself rebuke ;
" One thing is needful, and but one,
Why do thy thoughts on many run ?"
- 5 How oft are we like Martha vex'd,
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd ?
While trifles so engross our thoughts,
The one thing needful is forgot.
- 6 LORD, teach us this one thing to choose,
Which they who gain can never lose ;
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful, were the world our own.
- 7 Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,
Thy love is all that I require !
Gladly I may the rest resign,
If the one needful thing be mine !

An Elegy on SOPHRONIA, who died with the Small-Pox, 1711.—By Dr. WATTS.

Sophron is introduced speaking.

FORBEAR, my friends, forbear, and ask no more,

Where all my cheerful airs are fled :
Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er ?
My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.

Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,
Hear the long groans that waste my breath,

And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes,

Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face

With tumours of a mortal pale ;

While mortal purples, with their dismal grace,
And double horror spot the veil.

Uncomely veil, and most unkind disease !

Is this Sophronia, once the fair ?

Are these the features that were born to please ?

And beauty spread her ensigns there ?

I was all love, and she was all delight.

Let me run back to seasons past ;

Ah ! flow'ry days, when first she charm'd my sight !

But roses will not always last.

Yet still Sophronia pleas'd. Nor time, nor care
Could take her youthful bloom away :

Virtue has charms which nothing can impair ;

Beauty like her's could ne'er decay.

Grace is a sacred plant of heavenly birth :

The seed, descending from above,

Roots in a soil refin'd grows high on earth,
 And blooms with life, and joy, and love.
 Such was Sophronia's soul. Celestial dew,
 And angel's food, were her repast:
 Devotion was her work; and thence she drew
 Delights which strangers never taste.
 Not the gay splendors of a flatt'ring court
 Could tempt her to appear and shine:
 Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort:
 But I was blest, and she was mine.
 Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung,
 Her smiles could all my pains control;
 Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue
 Was soft and gentle as her soul.
 She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all;
 Love grew with every waning moon:
 Had heav'n a length of years delay'd its call,
 Still I had thought it call'd too soon.
 But peace, my sorrows, nor with murmuring
 voice
 Dare to accuse heaven's high decree:
 She was first ripe for everlasting joys;
 Sophron, she waits above for thee.

A Common Occurrence moralized.

AS Theophron, one evening, was sitting sol-
 itary by the fire, which was sunk low, and
 glimmering in ashes, he mused on the sorrows
 that surrounded human nature, and beset the
 spirits that dwell in flesh. By chance he cast
*his eye on a worm which was lodged on the fa-
 fer end of a short fire-brand: It seemed very*

uneasy at its warm-station, writhing and stretching itself every way for relief. He watched the creeping creature in all its motions. "I saw it," said he, when he told this incident to Phiernus, "I saw it reach forward, and there it met the living coal; backward, and on each side, and then it touched the burning embers: Still starting from the present torment, it retreated and shrunk away from every place where it had just before sought a refuge, and still met with new disquietude and pain.

"At last I observed," said he, "that having turned on all sides in vain, it lifted its head upward, and raised its length as high as possible in the air, where it found nothing to annoy it; but the chief part of the body still lay prone on the wood; its lower or worse half hung heavy on the aspiring animal, and forbid its ascent. How happy, would the worm have been, could it then have put on wings and become a flying insect!

"Such," said he, "is the case of every holy soul on earth; it is out of its proper element, like the worm lodged among hot embers. The uneasy spirit is sometimes ready to stretch its powers, its desires and wishes on every side, to find rest and happiness among sensible goods; but these things instead of satisfying its nobler appetites, rather give some new pain, variety of vexation, and everlasting disappointment. The soul finding every experiment vain, retires and shrinks backward from all mortal objects.

and being touched with divine influence, it raises itself up towards heaven to seek its God ; but the flesh, the body, the meaner and worser half of the man, hangs heavy, and drags it down again, that it cannot ascend thither, where rest and ease are only to be found.

“What should such a soul do now, but pant and long hourly for a flight to the upper world, and breathe after the moment of its release ? What would be more joyful to such a spirit, than the divine and almighty summons to depart from flesh ? O blessed voice from heaven that shall say to it, *Come up hither* ; and in the same instant shall break off all its fetters, give it the wings of an angel, and inspire it with double zeal to ascend !”

Death and Judgment.

YE virgin souls arise,
 With all the dead awake ;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take :
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.
 He comes, he comes to call,
 The nations to his bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are :
 Make ready for your free reward ;
 Go forth with joy to meet your LORD.
Go, meet Him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend ;

Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
To see, without a veil, his face.
Then let us wait to hear,
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching may we be found !
With that blest wedding-robe indu'd,
The blood and righteousness of God.

The wearisome Weeks of Sickness.

By DR. WATTS.

THUS pass my days away. The chearful sun
Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome
beams,

Alas, in vain to me ; cut off alike
From the bless'd labours, and the joys of life ;
While my sad minutes in their firesome train
Serve but to number out my heavy sorrows.
By night I count the clock ; perhaps eleven,
Or twelve, or one ; then with a wishful sigh
Call on the ling'ring hours, Come two, come
five :

When will the day-light come ? Make haste ye
mornings,

Ye evening shadows haste ; wear out these days,
These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude
The weary week for ever.——

Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns,
Sweet day of rest, devote to God and Heaven
And heavenly business, purposes divine,

Angelic work ; but not to me returns
 Rest with the day : Ten thousand hurrying
 thoughts

Bear me away tumultuous far from heaven,
 And heavenly work. In vain I heave, and toil,
 And wrestle with my inward foes in vain,
 O'erpower'd and vanquish'd still : They drag
 me down

From things celestial, and confine my sense
 'To present maladies. Unhappy state,
 Where the poor spirit is subdu'd t' endure
 Unholy idleness, a painful absence
 From God, and Heaven, and angels' blessed
 work,

And bound to bear the agonies and woes
 That sickly flesh and shattered nerves impose.
 How long, O Lord, how long ?

A Hymn of Praise for Recovery.

Happy the man, that the slow circling moons
 And long revolving seasons measure out
 The tiresome pains of nature ! Present woes
 Have their sweet periods. Ease and cheerful
 health

With slow approach (so providence ordains)
 Revisit their forsaken mansion here,
 And days of useful life diffuse their dawn
 O'er the dark cottage of my weary soul.
 My vital powers resume their vigor now,
 My spirit feels her freedom, shakes her wings,
 Exults and spatiates o'er a thousand scenes,
Surveys the world, and with full stretch of
thought

Grasps her ideas ; while impatient zeal
Awakes my tongue to praise. What mortal voice
Or mortal hand, can render to my God
The tribute due ! What altars shall I raise ?
What grand inscription to proclaim his mercy
In living lines ! where shall I find a victim
Meet to be offered to his sovereign love,
And solemnize the worship and the joy.
Search well, my soul, thro' all the dark recesses
Of nature and self-love, the plies, the folds,
And hollow winding caverns of the heart,
Where flattery hides our sins ; search out the
foes
Of thy almighty friend ; what lawless passions,
What vain desires, what vicious turns of
thought
Lurk there unheeded : Bring them forth to view,
And sacrifice the rebels to his honor.
Well he deserves this worship at my hands,
Who pardons thy past follies, who restores
Thy mould'ring fabric, and withholds thy life
From the near borders of a gaping grave.
Almighty power, I love thee, blissful name,
My healer God ; and my inmost heart
Love and adore for ever ! O 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy holy throne,
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
The hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
To mortal cries. It notic'd all my groans,
And sighs and long complaints, with wise delay

Tho' painful to the sufferer, and thy hand
In proper moment brought desir'd relief.

Rise from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,
Prove your new strength, and shew th' effective
skill

Of the divine physician ; bear away
This tottering body to his sacred threshold :
There laden with his honors, let me bow
Before his feet ; let me pronounce his grace,
Pronounce salvation thro' his dying son,
And teach this sinful world the Savior's name.
Then rise, my hymning soul, on holy notes
Tow'rd his throne ; awake, my choicest songs,
Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay
The solemn vows of my distressful hours,
A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.

Jesus, great advocate, whose pitying eye
Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart
And powerful intercessions spread'st my woes
With all my groans before the Father-God,
Bear up my praises now ; thy holy incense
Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,
And bring these accents grateful to his ear.
My heart and life, my lips and every power
Snatch'd from the grasp of death I here devote
By thy bless'd hands an offering to his name.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I at-

cended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus amusing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him, like *one astonished*, he beckoned to me and by th

waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature ; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies : follow me :"

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and prodigious tide of water rolling through it." The valley thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other ? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it ? I see a *bridge*, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. "The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life ;

consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that the bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it; but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it? I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and I saw innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no soon trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a supplication stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking upwards. What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge and settling upon it from time to time? I saw vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several

little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh; Alas! said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity? but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half thereof, in-somuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads.

passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sand on the sea-shore ; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasure of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them ; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for ; Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward ? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an *existence* ? Think not man made in vain, who

has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow vally of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

The VISION of AMANDA.

METHOUGHT I was walking through a delightful field from whence on a rising hill I beheld a stately edifice. My curiosity led me to make up towards it. I found it furrounded with gardens and orchards, richly decked by nature and art. A most agreeable lady was standing at the door who very courteously invited me in to sit down and rest me: being tired with the hill, I accepted her kind offer.— Entering the house, I surveyed the magnificent apartments, and my eyes were dazzled with the rich furniture that adorned every room. The lady led me into a spacious parlour, where was a very comely gentleman, with several little beauties around him, the living pictures in miniature of the father and mother. I w

entertained there with a liberality suitable to the appearance they made and with that courteous affability, which is the genuine effect of true gentility and good breeding. Whilst with pleasure I surveyed their happy circumstance, which appeared to have no want of any thing to complete their felicity, I said within myself; Sure these are extraordinary persons, and this flow of prosperity must be the bountiful reward of Providence, for some eminent instance of virtue and piety. But when I had taken my leave, and was returning back, I met one, of whom I enquired the gentleman's character who was the owner of yonder seat; which, to my no small surprise, I found to be very vicious. His plentiful estate was gotten by oppression and fraud, his beautiful children were the living monuments of his shame, and the lady who made so splendid an appearance, and to whom he discovered so much seeming tenderness was so far from being mistress of the seat, that she was only kept there as under a tyrant, to be a slave to his base lusts, he consulting her satisfaction no farther than as the pleasure in her countenance heightens her charms, and thereby renders her the more agreeable to him in the gratification of his brutish appetites and passions; and she, continued my informer, puts a constant force upon herself to appear gay and cheerful, lest her keeper should turn her out, abandoned to shame and misery. To preserve her from the latter of which (after

the loss of a good fortune) was she prevailed on to comply with the lot she shares. As soon as I parted from my company, I could contain no longer, but burst out into this exclamation: Wherefore, O Prosperity, wherefore is it that thou thus daily loadest the vicious with thy benefits, and givest them all that heart can wish? Whence comes it to pass, that such a wretch as this shall spend his days in ease, and his nights in pleasure, whilst thou turnest away with disdain from the pious man, leaving him to groan under all the hardships of the most adverse state! O say! whence is it that thou art thus partial to the wicked? I had no sooner ceased exclaiming in this manner, than looking forward, I saw Prosperity standing before me arrayed, in her most gorgeous attire. The gay and glittering appearance must have raised delight in my breast, had it not been damped by the anger that appeared on her brow, when she thus addressed me; Forbear taxing me with partiality in my proceedings; for were it in my inclination, it is not in my power, being only the servant of Providence, whose orders I never, in one single instance, run counter to. Art thou, said I, in a heat, the servant of Providence? a just, holy, wise, and powerful Providence! And will it suffer thee thus to caress the impious, and slight and condemn the good! How can these things be? Prosperity disappeared without making any reply; but immediately a resplendant light shone

around me, and I heard a majestic voice saying thus to me from above, O thou blind mortal, dost thou dare to call in question my proceedings, because thou canst not see the wisdom and equity of them? It would be just in me to punish thee severely for thy rashness, but once I will overlook thy ignorance, and so condescend to thy weakness as to give thee some view of the reasons of my conduct. Wherefore lift up thine eyes, and behold what shall now be discovered to thee. I did so, and found my sight strengthened to penetrate through the thick clouds, beyond which I saw Providence seated on a lofty throne, and him stood Prosperity and Adversity with their various attendants waiting his orders. A person of a very amiable countenance stood at right hand, who told me he was commissioned to resolve my doubts, and reveal somewhat of the mysteries of Providence to me. I then observed Adversity ordered with her attendant Pain to such a place. I looked after them and saw them enter the house of a person very remarkable for piety, and attack him in a most violent manner. Alas! said I to my instructor whence comes it to pass that so good a man should thus be so severely handled? He is, replied he, a very eminent Christian, a man greatly beloved of his God. But how contrary soever this may seem to your carnal reason it is therefore that he is thus afflicted; he (as the best here have) much sin still remain-

him, and much wanting to complete his perfection in grace and holiness; and God, who alone the proper judge of the most likely means to bring about his own wise and kind designs, sees this the fittest method to root out sin, and strengthen and invigorate his graces. His affliction shall be to him a furnace, not to consume him, but his lusts, and to refine and brighten his graces, that they may shine with greater lustre. I then looked up again, and saw Adversity with two of her attendants, Poverty and Sicknes, sent to another place. They soon attacked a person, who from an affluent fortune was reduced to penury and want, and from a strong and vigorous state of health, was thrown upon a sick bed. Pray, said I, what is the character of this person, that is thus publicly attacked, and with such violence? He replied my instructor, one that devoted himself to God in days of his youth, and appeared very zealous and active in the ways of religion, at his first setting out. But a long series of prosperity, with which he has been favoured, has had the but too common effect of ensnaring and captivating his thoughts and affections to the things of time and sense. As riches encreased, he has set his heart inordinately upon them, and in a great measure withdrawn his dependance upon God for the continuation of those bounties of Providence, grown careless and secure, saying with David, My mountain stands strong; I shall never be mov-

ed. Poverty is therefore sent to waste his substance, that the idol being removed, he may be no longer tempted to adore it, and that he may, by his own experience, be convinced of the uncertainty of all sublunary good. A long continued state of health has abated his sense of value of the mercy, and he has seemed to slight it as a common favor. Sickness is therefore sent to teach him the worth of health, by the want of it; to shock this seemingly strong building, that he may see its foundation is in the dust, and that it is a moth crushed in the hand of God. In a word, these painful strokes shall be the means of rousing him out of that spiritual lethargy wherein he has long lain, and cause him to remember whence he is fallen, excite him to repent, and do his first works? and when these most valuable ends are answered, God will turn his captivity, and remarkably display his power and love in his deliverance. Again I looked up, and heard adversity receive a new commission, to attack with reproach and contempt a person who appeared in sight. Pray, said I, to what person are these formidable spectres going? (for their appearance shocked me more than all the others.) He is, said my teacher, a very serious good man, one that has for many years been universally esteemed amongst those who are true friends to religion and virtue, both for his wisdom and piety; but this general regard paid to him has too much elevated his mind, and

clause ; not duly considering that whatever dowments he possesses, whether of nature or grace, are all received from God, and that therefore all the glory should be ascribed to the donor. Reproach is now sent to humble him, to hide pride from his eyes, to make him fully sensible that the interest any have in man's esteem is a blessing which descends from the same hand that dispenses those qualifications that have a tendency to raise it. Soon after I closed up my eyes again, and saw Adversity with her attendants, Sickness and Death, receiving their orders to seize the child of a certain person. Now, says my instructor, this is an sincere Christian, and the stroke to be inflicted is perhaps the forest of a temporal nature that could befall him. He is to be stript of his only child, and, a very promising one, in whom the fond parent might justly please himself with the prospect of much comfort and satisfaction? and like good Jacob, *His life seems to be bound up in the lad's life*. But Providence, with much wisdom and great goodness too, orders his removal ; in kindness both to parent and child ; the lad being by the grace of God prepared for a better state, is in great love removed from all the snares and temptations that attend the youthful stage, and those other snares and trials that surround the man in a riper age : a more than common share of which must have fallen to his lot had he continued in this world. The parent will here

be convinced of, and humbled for the evil he has been guilty of in setting his heart and affections too much on this so desirable a creature enjoyment, which he sees now to be but a fading, dying flower. And the supports and comforts he shall receive under this heavy trial will stop the mouth of complaints, and force him to confess that God is the alone proper object of our warmest affection, since there is enough in him to make the Christian happy in the loss of the dearest earthly comforts. These (continued my teacher) are some of the seeming paradoxes in Providence, which thou, blind mortal, couldst not discover by the dim light of reason; there are others which I am not permitted to reveal to thee; some of which thou wilt never see unravelled whilst thou art cloathed with mortality. Let what thou hast seen and heard suffice to assure thee, that God's thoughts are not like to thine but as far above them in wisdom, as the heavens are above the earth. Hence it is, that the wicked so oft abound with this world's good, who have all their heaven here: whilst the pious man is, by the sharp attacks of Adversity, during the short term of his existence here, training up for a state of endless unallayed happiness.

I thanked my instructor, begged pardon for my rashness, and promised, that I would no more arraign Divine Providence at the bar of my weak and shallow reason; and abashed and confounded at my ignorance and presumption, awoke from my dream.

GOOD FRIDAY.

'TIS done ! th' atoning work is done !
Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies !
All nature feels th' important groan,
Loud-echoing thro' the earth and skies
The earth doth to her center quake,
And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black !
The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly bows his head ;
The rocks resent his mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead ;
The bodies of the saints arise,
Reviving as their Saviour dies.
And shall not we his death partake,
In sympathetic anguish groan ?
O Saviour ! let thy passions shake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone !
To second life our souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

THE PILGRIM.

JESU, at thy command,
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin hurls all asleep :
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with Thee and Thine.
What though the seas are broad,
What though the waves are strong,
What though tempestuous winds
Distress me all along ;
Yet what are seas or stormy winds

Compar'd to Christ, the sinners friend?

Christ is my Pilot wife,

My compass in his word :

My soul each storm defies,

While I have such a Lord.

I trust his faithfulness and power

To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep

Through all my passage lie ;

Yet Christ shall safely keep

And guide me with his eye.

How can I sink with such a prop,

That bears the world and all things up ?

By faith I see the land,

The hav'n of endless rest ;

My soul, thy wings expand;

And fly to Jesus' breast.

Oh may I reach the heav'nly shore,

Where winds and seas distress no more.

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,

And all my storms subside,

Then to my succour fly

And keep me near thy side ;

For more the treach'rous calm I dread,

Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come, heav'nly Wind, and blow

A prosperous gale of grace,

To waft from all below

To heav'n my destin'd place :

Then in full sail my port I'll find,

And leave the world and sin behind.

A dying World, and a durable Heaven.

COULD one think it possible for the sons and daughters of Adam, who see all things round them upon the face of the earth in perishing and dying circumstances, to speak, and act, and live as tho' they should never die? The vegetable world with all its beauties seems to pass under a spreading death every year; the decay of the field, the forest, and the garden is visible. Animal nature is born to die and mingle with its original dust; not the strength of beasts, the ox, or the lion, can resist their fate; nor the fowl of the swiftest wings escape; nor can the nations of insects hide from it in their dark holes and caverns, where they seek to prolong their little beings, and keep their vital atoms together through the changing seasons. Our own flesh and blood is much of the same make; it is borrowed from the same materials as theirs, it has a similar composition, and sin has mingled many more diseases in our nature, than are known to the vegetable or brute kinds. We see our ancestors go before us to the grave, and yet we live as tho' we should never follow them. We behold our neighbors carried away from the midst of us to their beds of earth, and yet we are as thoughtless of this awful and important hour, as tho' our own turn would never come. Let us survey mankind a little: How are all their powers employed? What is the grand business of life? Are not all their powers of flesh and

mind devoted to the purposes of this poor, mortal period, as tho' there were nothing to succeed it? And yet if we ask those who are around us in our nation, do you not believe in heaven and an eternity of happiness for those who seek it sincerely, and labor for it? they confess this divine truth by the force of reason and conscience, and by the light of scripture; they forget it in a few moments and return to their follies again, and with a greedy and incessant desire they repeat the pursuit of perishing vanities.

O that we could but keep ourselves away from the intoxicating pleasures and cares of this life, and shake off all these golden dreams that perpetually surround our fancy! we should then surely employ our nobler powers to a higher purpose: If we did but dwell a little on a fixation of thought upon the scenes of death all around us here on earth, and if we now then surveyed the visible heavens, their brightness and their duration, we might perhaps put in mind of those momentous truths which might direct our conduct, might wean us from our fondness of these sensible and perishing pleasures, and animate us in good earnest to pursue the durable glories of heaven. A walk to a church-yard by sun or star-light, would afford such a meditation as this:

All born on earth must die. Destruction
reigns
Round the whole globe, and changes:

Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing:
But heaven defies its power. There angels sing
Immortal, to that world direct thy sight,
My soul, ethereal-born, and thither aim thy
flight ;

There virtue finds reward ; eternal joy,
Unknown on earth, shall the full soul employ.
This glebe of death we tread, these shining
skies,

Hold out the mortal lessons to our eyes.
The sun still travels his illustrious round,
While ages bury ages under ground :
While heroes sink forgotten in their urns,
Still Phosphor* glitters, and still Syrius* burns.
Light reigns thro' worlds above, and life with
all her springs :

Yet man lies groveling on the earth,
The soul forgets its heavenly birth,
Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward
tries her wings.

Thus far with regard to the bulk of mankind, whose souls are immersed in flesh and blood, who mind none but earthly things, whose god is this world, and whose end is destruction ; but it is a melancholy thing also to consider, that where a divine ray from above has penetrated the heart, has began to operate a heavenly temper, to kindle a new life in the soul, and set it breathing after eternal things, it is still ashamed to make this new life appear, and this divine ray discover itself ; it is ashamed

* The morning-star and the dog-star.

ed to shine like a son of God in such a dark and vicious world, amongst men of degenerate minds, who have an aversion to all that is holy and heavenly. We would fain be always in the mode, and are afraid to be looked at in the dress of piety among thousand whose neglect of God have stamped the fashion. Are there not several such Christians amongst us, who dare not open their lips in the language of paradise, nor let the world know they belong to heaven, till death and the invisible state are brought near them, and set in full view by some severe sickness, or some terrible accident which threatens their removal hence? It is a near view of the grave and eternity, that subdues all other passions into devotion, that makes them begin to speak and act publicly like the children of God, and gives them a sacred fortitude, a blessed superiority of soul over all their foolish fears, and all the reproaches of sinful men.

WHEN death and everlasting things

Approach and strike the fight,

The soul unfolds itself, and brings

Its hidden thoughts to light.

The silent christian speaks for God,

With courage owns his name,

And spreads the Saviour's grace abroad,

The zeal subdues the shame.

Lord, shall my soul again conceal

Her faith if death retire?

Shall shame subdue the lively zeal,

O may my thoughts for ever keep
The grave and heaven in view,
Lest if my zeal and courage sleep,
My lips grow silent too!

RELIGION.

THE light of nature, duly attended to will evidently lead us into belief of a Supreme Being, infinitely holy, powerful, just, and good, the creator and preserver of all things, the friend and judge of mankind.

It is therefore our duty as well as highest interest often, at stated times, and by decent and solemn acts, to contemplate and adore the great original of our existence, the parent of all beauty, and of all good; to express our veneration and love by an awful and devout recognition of his perfections; and to evidence our gratitude, by celebrating his goodness, and thankfully acknowledging all his benefits. It is likewise our duty, by proper exercises of sorrow and humiliation, to confess our ingratitude and folly, to signify our dependence upon God, and our confidence in his goodness, by imploring his blessing and gracious concurrence in assisting the weakness, and curing the corruption of our nature. And, finally, to testify our sense of his authority and our faith in his government, by devoting ourselves to do his will, and resigning ourselves to his disposal. This is that internal piety or the worship of the mind which unassisted reason dictates.

Peace of Conscience and Prayer for Health.

YET, gracious God, amidst these storms of
 nature,
 Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm
 Reign thro' the realms of conscience: All
 within
 Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wondrous
 grace

Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom,
 Tho' stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene
 In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
 Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.
 Thy vital smile amidst this desolation
 Like heavenly sun-beams hid behind the clouds,
 Break out in happy moments, with bright ra-
 diance

Cleaving the gloom ; the fair celestial light
 Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
 And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

O glorious solace of immense distress,
 A conscience and a God ! A friend at home,
 And better friend on high ! This is my rock
 Of firm support, my shield of sure defence
 Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,
 Put on thy courage : Here's the living spring
 Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,
A peaceful conscience and a smiling heaven.

My God, permit a creeping worm to say,
Thy Spirit knows I love thee. Worthless wretch,
 To dare to love a God ! But grace requires,
And grace accepts. Thou seest my labouring
 soul :

Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true ;
It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
Constrains me ; I am thine. Incarnate love
Has seiz'd and holds me in Almighty arms :
Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,
Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying nature,
I am the Lord's, and he for ever mine.

O thou all-powerful word, at whose first call
Nature rose ; this earth, these shining heavens,
These stars in all their ranks came forth, and
said,

We are thy servants : Didst thou not create
My frame, my breath, my being, and bestow
A mind immortal on thy feeble creature
Who faints before thy face ? Did not thy pity
Dress thee in flesh to die, that I might live,
And with thy blood redeem this captive soul
From guilt and death ? O thrice adored name,
My King, my Saviour, my EMMANUEL, say,
Have not thy eye lids mark'd my painful toil,
The wild confusions of my shatter'd powers,
And broken fluttering thoughts ? Hast thou
not seen

Each restless atom that with vexing influence
Works thro' the mass of man ? Each noxious
juice,

Each ferment that infects the vital humors,
That heaves the veins with huge disquietude,
And spreads the tumult wide ? Do they not lie
Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach ?
Yes, all at thy command, and must obey
Thy sovereign touch : Thy touch is health and
life,

And harmony to nature's jaring strings.

When shall my midnight sighs and morning
moans

Rise thro' the heights of heaven, and reach th' [ear
Propitious? See, my spirit's feeble powers
Exhal'd and breathing upward to thy throne
Like early incense climbing thro' the sky
From the warm altar. When shall grace and

peace

Descend with blessings, like an evening shoue
On the parch'd desert, and renew my bloom
Or must thy creature breathe his soul away
In fruitless groans, and die?

Come, blest physician, come attend the moa
Of a poor suffering wretch, a plaintive worm
Crush'd in the dust and helpless. O descend
Array'd in power and love, and bid me rise.
Incarnate goodness, send thy influence down
To these low regions of mortality

Where thou hast dwelt, and clad in fleshl
weeds

Learnt sympathetic sorrows; send and heal
My long and sore distress. Ten thousand
praises

Attend thee: *David's* harp is ready strung
For the MESSIAH's name: A winged flight
Of songs harmonious and new honors wait
The steps of moving mercy.

Few happy Matches.

2 SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest love belongs

Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

2 Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way :

If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine
And be as blest'd as they.

3 Not fordid souls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move :

So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

4 Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames ; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy :

On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

5 Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands :

Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are marry'd just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

6 Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless ;

As well may heav'nly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bass.

- 7 Nor can the soft enchantments hold
 Two jarring souls of angry mould ;
 The rugged and the keen ;
 Sampson's young foxes might as well
 In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
 With firebrands ty'd between.
- 8 Nor let the cruel fetters bind
 A gentle to a savage mind,
 For love abhors the fight :
 Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
 For native rage and native fear
 Rise and forbid delight.
- 9 Two kindest souls alone must meet ;
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
 And feeds their mutual loves :
 Bright Venus on her roling throne
 Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
 And Cupids yoke the doves.
-

A Sight of Heaven in Sicknefs.

- 1 OFT have I sat in secret sighs
 To feel my flesh decay ;
 Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
 To view the tott'ring clay.
- 2 But I forbid my sorrows now,
 Nor dares the flesh complain ;
 Diseases bring their profits too,
 The joy o'ercomes the pain.
- 3 My cheerful soul now all the day
 Sits waiting here, and sings ;
 Looks through the ruins of her clay,
 And practices her wings.

- 4 faith almost changes into fight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance in light
Above created skies.
- 5 Had but the prison-walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.
- 6 But now the everlasting hills
Through ev'ry chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a pris'ner here.
- 7 The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws ;
Visions of endless bliss are seen,
And native air she draws.
- 8 O may their walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose !
- 9 Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till, glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.
-

Earth and Heaven.

- 1 HAST thou not seen, impatient boy,
Hast thou not read, the solemn truth,
That grey experience writes for giddy youth
On ev'ry mortal joy ;
Pleasure must be dash'd with pain :
And yet with heedless haste,

The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl
again.

The rills of pleasure never run sincere :
(Earth has no unpolluted spring :)
From the curs'd soil some dang'rous taint they
bear :

So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a
sting.

2 In vain we seek a heav'n below the sky ;
The world has false but flatt'ring charms ;
Its distant joys shew big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye.

In our embrace the visions die ;
And, when we grasp the airy forms,

We lose the pleasing dream.

3 Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours and false light ;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon ;

But, bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Course and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

4 Look up, my soul ! pant tow'rd th' eternal
hills :

Those heav'ns are fairer, than they seem ;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in chrystal
rills :

There not a dreg of guilt defiles,

Nor grief disturbs, the stream.

That Canaan knows no noxious thing.

No curfed foil, nor tainted fpring,
Nor rofes grow on thorns, nor honey wears a
fting.

The Day of Judgement.

AN ODE.

1 WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy
forces

Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
And the read light'ning, with a ftorm of hail,
comes

Rufhing amain down :

2 How the poor failors ftand amaz'd and
tremble !

While the hoarfe thunder, like a bloody trum-
pet,

Roars a loud onfet to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them !

3 Such fhall the noife be, and the wild difor-
der,

(If things eternal may be like thefe earthly,)
Such the dire terror, when the great archan-
gel

Shakes the creation :

4 Tears the ftrong pillars of the vault of heaven
Breaks up old marble, the repofe of princes ;
See the graves open, and the bones arifing,

Flames all around 'em.

5 Hark, the fhri11 outcries of the guilty wretch-
es !

Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,

Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worms
lies

Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their
heart-strings

And the smart twinges, when their eye beholds
the

Lofty judge frowning, and a flood of ven-
geance

Rolling afore them.

7 Hopeless immortals! how they scream and
shiver

While devils push them to the pit wide-yawn-
ing,

Hideous and gloomy, to receive them head-
long

Down to the centre!

8 Stop here, my fancy: (all away ye horrid
Doleful ideas,) come, arise to Jesus!

How he sits God-like! and the saints around
him

Thron'd, yet adoring!

9 O may I sit there when he comes trium-
phant,

Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas, all along the passage,

Shout the Redeemer!

The Incomprehensible.

10 FAR in the heav'ns my God retires,

My God, the mark of my desires,

And hides his lovely face.

He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal
chace.

2 Ot, if I reach unusual height,
Till near his presence brought,
There floods of glory checks my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought ;
Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shines ;
Infinite rays, in crossing lines,
Beat thick confusion on my sight, and over-
whelm my soul.

3 Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne ;
What single strength in vain designs
United force hath done ;
Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the seas ;
But the whole race of creature-souls,
Stretch'd to their last extent of thought,
Plunge and are lost in thee.

4 Great God, behold, my reason lies
Adoring, yet my love would rise
On pinions not her own.
Faith shall direct her humble flight,
Through all the trackless seas of light,
To thee, th' eternal Fair, the infinite Un-
known !

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The soul's resemblance of Christ.

THE closer association that we have here with
Christ, the nearer assimilation we shall have

Christ. Moses did but talk with God, and how did his face shine with a beam of God ! You may quickly know a soul that doth converse, and is familiar with Jesus Christ ; you shall see it shining forth with the glories of Christ ; as wisdom makes the face to shine, so Jesus Christ makes the soul to shine ; so that he that judiciously looks upon him can divine that that soul hath met with, and seen the Lord. I see by the reflection of the beams of righteousness, he has been long viewing the son of righteousness ; he carries the very image of Christ upon him, and the very beauties of Christ about him ; he looks like Christ and speaks like Christ, he walks and lives like Christ, he resembles, and knows he comes from Christ. That soul which is always beholding the glory of the Lord shall be changed into his image from glory to glory. If that soul be so glorious that beholds God darkly, reflectively, as in a glass, and enjoys God at a distance, how glorious shall that soul be, that shall see him clearly and distinctly, face to face, and enjoy his immediate communion with Jesus Christ ? We shall then be like him indeed, when we shall see him as he is ; our bodies shall be like his ; our glory shall be like his ; our eternity shall be like his ; who is the God of beauty, excellency, and sweetness, concord, happiness and eternity. O Lord, let me have such clear visions ; such sweet fruitions of thee, that I may not only hereafter be happy - but may likewise now be holy.

Sincere Praise.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wond'rous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 In native white and red
The rose and lilly stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To shew thy skilful hand.
- 4 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.
- 5 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 6 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.
- 7 Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design ;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.
- 8 The very songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honors of thy name
To build their own applause.

- 9 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain ;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until 'tis form'd again.
- 10 Descend, celestial fire,
 And seize me from above,
 Melt me in flames of pure desire,
 A sacrifice to love.
- 11 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of our days,
 And to my God, my soul ascend,
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

*Improve the talents God gives you for his service
 and glory, Luke xix. 13.*

REMEMBER you are not made for yourselves only, but for the society and benefit of others, therefore employ your gifts, substances, and whatever God has bestowed for the good of others ; teach the ignorant, relieve the poor, strengthen the weak, comfort those that are cast down, tell them your experiences, commend Christ as a choice master and lovely Saviour, and invite them to come, taste and see that he is good ; pity those who are strangers to him, and pray for them. Be useful to others while you live, which will make your memory savoury when you die ; many, alas, are so unprofitable in their lives, that they leave no friends to mourn their death ; but public spirited and useful persons are much lamented. Let every one in their stations be active and occupy their talents for God. Be assured the

more you do for God in this world, the more God will do for you in the world to come. If the saints were capable of grief in heaven, it would be for their doing so little for God on earth.

The miserable end of prosperous wickedness.

JORDON, that famous river no doubt runs through many a pleasant meadow, by many shady grove and flowery bank, and yet at last empties itself into a dead sea ; and not only so, but those fresh chrystal streams that made those famous brooks, lose both name and worth, are turned into the dead sea themselves. Just so it is with a wicked man, here he walks thro' the meadows of worldly pleasures and rest, under the shades of earthly comforts and sports, and wallows himself among the flowers of worldly delights, but at last runs himself out into a dead lake, and is cast into hell among the numbers of those who forget God.

CHRIST'S Ascension.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native, heaven,
There the pompous triumph waits ;
“ Lift up your heads, eternal gates
“ Wide unfold the radiant scene,
“ Take the King of glory in !”
2. Him tho' highest heaven receives ;

Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
 Tho' returning to his throne,
 Still he calls the world his own ;
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.

3. Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our head to-day ;
 See thy faithful servant, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !

Grant, tho' parted from our fight ;
 High above yon azure height,—
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies,

4. Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love,
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home ;
 There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign,
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heaven of heav'ns in thee.

The Spirit's Farewel to the Body after long Sickness

HOW am I held a prisoner now,

Far from my God ! This mortal chain
 Binds me to sorrow ; all below

Is short-liv'd ease or tiresome pain.

When shall that wondrous hour appear,
 Which frees me from this dark abode,
 To live at large in regions, where

Jesus
Mould me : *and*
Then shall it better serve my soul
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

The departing Moment; or, absent from the body.
ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought !

What unknown joy this moment brings !
Freed from the mischiefs sin hath wrought,
From pains, and tears, and all their springs,
Absent from flesh ! Illustrious day !

Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

Absent from flesh ! Then rise, my soul,
Where feet nor wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

I go where God and glory shine :

His presence makes eternal day :

My all that's mortal I resign,

For Uriel waits and points my way.

Entrance into Paradise; or, present with the Lord.

AND is this heaven ? and am I there !

How short the road ! how swift the flight
car ;

face !
Thy death procur'd this blest abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place.
Lo, he presents me at the throne
All spotless—there the god head reigns
Sublime and peaceful thro' the Son :
Awake, my voice, in heavenly strains.

The Sight of God in Heaven.
CREATOR-GOD, eternal light,
Fountain of good, tremendous power,
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight !
Beauty and love unknown before !
Thy grace, thy nature all unknown
In yon dark region whence I came ;
Where languid glimpses from thy throne,
And feeble whispers teach thy name.
I'm in a world where all is new ;
Myself, my God ; O blest amaze !
Not my best hopes or wishes knew
To form a shadow of this grace.
Fix'd on my God, my heart, adore ;
My restless thoughts, forbear to rove,
Ye meaner passions, stir no more,
But all my powers be joy and love.





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